

Beating him, ~~hitting~~ ramming him with car, dragging body,
bullet to head, in the rain ~~in my birthday~~

Adrian

His mother looked at his body and told us that she knew what they had done.

They could not stop her from looking at the tortured body of her eldest son.

Lakota deaths always made me believe that I had no future.

My grandmother tells my grandfather as we are dressing for the wake, here - I found these, put them on.

The wake had food, bread, chicken, potato salad, coffee and the smell of tobacco. His brothers kept asking him to get up. They kept talking to him like he was still alive. Adrian, Adrian, come on get up, it's time to go home. Adrian, Adrian, come on get up, it's time to ~~go~~ home. Again and again.

At the wake I went outside to be alone sitting in our pickup, to look around, to think. My grandmother's tiyospiya was in a valley but it did not have the softness of a valley. It was rougher like a wild ravine. I liked it there because almost everyone spoke Lakota.

I'd go in a few times to check on my grandmother. ~~Each time she wanted to be certain that I ate. I'd tell her that I was hungry but I did not feel up to eating because I thought it would make me sick.~~ She had to be near her sister who was my cousin Adrian's mom so I really didn't need to be responsible for my grandmother.

I was relieved about that because I could spend more time away from ~~the~~ casket, the crying. I did not have to stare at Adrian's dead body. I had already seen him at the funeral home. his head seemed to be lying to the left because his neck could not support him. Bullet hole covered, the make up stilled the violence of it.

I thought about the hills that surrounded us, this little town of my grandmother's, named for the man who killed Sitting Bull. The saints pass us by. Miracles seem not to happen to Lakota people, even those of us forced to be Catholics.

The hearse is bringing him
Dust follows the hearst
on the still, sunny day
We wait at the top of the hill
The hearse drives slowly, slowly
down the hill
The drummers and singers
are there at the bridge
Singing for Adrian.

Military taps is blown, quietly. Oranges were placed on ~~the~~ all of the graves. Bright colors of oranges dotting the cemetary against the brilliant green of spring.

I watch as Aunt Hermine, Uncle Georgie, cousins Cookies and Crackers slowly walk home alone.

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GILC 63
CAMERON

WRITINGS

"ADRIAN"

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